Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of every man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneied in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſſe baniſhment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood.
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtirre,
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would ſay, Where? which is *Bullingbrooke*?
And then I ſtole all courteſie from heaven,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes,
Even in the preſence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate,
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
And wanne by rareneſſe ſuch ſolemenity.
The skipping King, he ambled up and downe,
With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gave his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſſe vaine comparative,
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enforc't himſelfe to popularity,
That being daily ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfeited with Hony, and began to loath
The taſte of ſweetneſſe, whereof a little,

More

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but with ſuch eyes
As ſicke and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on ſun-like Majeſty,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring eyes;
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe
Slept in his face, and rendring ſuch aſpect,
As cloudy men uſe to doe to their adverſaries,
Being with his preſence, glutted, gorg'd, and full,
And in that very line, *Harry*, ſtandeſt thou:
For, thou haſt loſt thy Princely priviledge,
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſired to ſee thee more,
Which now doth that I would not have it done,
Make blind it ſelfe with fooliſh tenderneſſe.
Prin. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my ſelfe. *King.* For all the world
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* ſet foote at *Ravenſpurgh*,
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now;
Now by my ſcepter, and my ſoule to boote:
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion,
For of no right nor colour like to right
He doth fill fields with Harneſſe in the Realme,
Turnes head againſt the Lyons armed Jawes,
And being no more in debt to yeares then thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reverent Biſhops on,
To bloudy battels, and to bruſing armes.
What never-dying honour hath he got,
Againſt renowned *Dowglas*? whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions and great name in armes,
Holds from all ſouldiers chiefe Majority,
And military title capitall,